THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

EXPLORATIONS

Sunday, January 19, 1975 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

SONATA FOR VIOLONCELLO AND PIANO ..... Manus Sasonkin

Andante mesto
Tempo di minuetto un poco scherzando
Vivace ma non troppo

Ryan Selberg, cello
Edward Lincoln, piano

THREE SEA CHANTIES ..... Malcolm Arnold

Allegro con brio
Allegretto simplice
Allegro vivace

Joan Pecover, flute
Dayna Fisher, oboe
Ernest Dalwood, clarinet
Eddy Bayens, bassoon
Gloria Ratcliffe, horn

INTERMISSION

CONCERTO, OP. 24 FOR NINE INSTRUMENTS ..... Anton Webern

Etwas lebhaft
Sehr langsam
Sehr rasch

Joan Pecover, flute
Dayna Fisher, oboe
Ernest Dalwood, clarinet
Fordyce Pier, trumpet
Gloria Ratcliffe, horn
Malcolm Forsyth, trombone

Thomas Rolston, violin
Michael Bowie, viola
Janet Scott, piano

Alfred Strombergs, conductor

KINDERTOTENLIEDER ..... Gustav Mahler

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n
(Once More the Sun Would Gild the Morn)

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle
(Ah, Now I Know Why Oft I Caught You Gazing)

Wenn dein Mütterlwin
(When Thy Mother Dear)

Oft Denk' Ich, Sie sind nur ausgegangen
(I Think Oft, They've Only Gone A Journey)

In diesem Wetter
(In Such a Tempest)

Bernard Turgeon, baritone
Ernest Lejano, piano

Commentary by Dr. Michael Roeder

The next concert in the EXPLORATIONS series will be on Sunday, February 16, 1975, at 8:00 p.m. in Convocation Hall.

SONATA FOR VIOLONCELLO AND PIANOFORTE

MANUS SASONKIN
(1930-)

The Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte was composed during the spring of 1959, and recomposed during the summer of 1973. The process of recomposition was extensive; this was no mere revision, but (rather) a totally new piece which was predicted upon themes from an earlier piece. And, in the course of revision, many of these themes were altered (oftentimes quite drastically), and an entire new movement was added.

The first movement in this second (and, it is to be hoped, final) version of the sonata combines the formal design of a traditional sonata with the character of a slow movement. There are two contrasting thematic groups, a development of those thematic groups, and (finally) a modified restatement of them. But all of this takes place in a half-lit world (whether dawn or twilight remains unspecified); the mood is somber, bleak, introspective, pessimistic, tinged with morbidity. The piece is a threnody.

The second movement is a minuet and trio, heavily interlaced with irony; several melodic and harmonic formulae which are characteristically associated with sweetness and sentimentality are paraded in a venue which strips them of their associations.

Levity intrudes into the Finale, which is a kind of rondo; but the levity is restrained and circumspect, and the intrusion is not a lengthy one. Following a vigorous climax, the music subsides into an autumnal lyricism, unbroken except for two brusque chords at the very end.

THREE SEA SHANTIES

MALCOLM ARNOLD
(1921-)

The music of Arnold is invariably sufficiently conventional in style as to render commentary superfluous. This is not to suggest that it lacks individuality, for this would be quite untrue. There is almost always a lightheartedness, a good humour, a wit both subtle and robust, which has earned the composer an international reputation for a style and sound which is unmistakably his own.

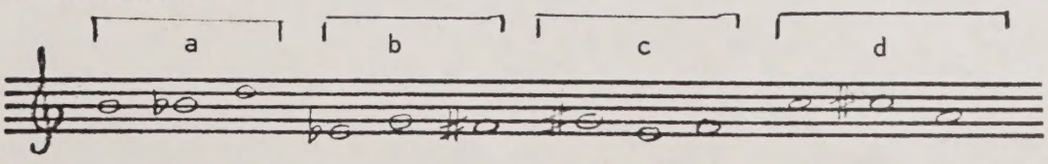
A brilliant trumpeter, he was for many years principal trumpet in the London Philharmonic Orchestra, a career which has obviously helped shape his development as a composer.

CONCERTO, OPUS 24 (1934)

ANTON VON WEBERN
(1883-1945)

Of Schoenberg's two most illustrious pupils, Webern was the one who carried the serialist "method" to its apparent limits from a purely intellectual point of view. As a result, a great repellent barrier seems to envelope his music, and it is well to recall the composer's own words, "Now for the first time it is possible to compose with free imagination, without restraint - except that of the series. It is paradoxical: full freedom has only become possible through this unexampled control!"

The micro-structures within structures in the use of twelve notes is certainly formidable. Here is the tone-row to which every note is accountable:



It will be seen that b is the retrograde inversion of a, c is the retrograde of a, and d the inversion of a. The readily-apparent manifestation of this is the profusion of three-note interjections from all instruments in the first and third movements, while in the second, everything proceeds in groups of two.

Out of all this comes an austere and strange musical ethos which holds its undeniable fascination in the level of pure sound.

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht geschehn.
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein,
Die Sonne, sie scheinet allgemein.
Du musst nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,
Musst sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken.
Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem Zelt,
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

The sun will rise as brightly now
As though the night had brought no tragedy.
The tragedy is mine alone,
The sun, it shines for everyone.
You must not let the night engulf you,
Must change it to eternal light.
A light extinguished in my tent,
Hail to the joyous light of day!

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
Ihr sprühtet mir in manchem Augenblicke,
O Augen!
Gleichsam um voll in einem Blicke
Zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.
Doch ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich umschwammen,
Gewoben vom verblendenden Geschicke,
Dass sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr schicke,
Dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.
Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne,
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.
Sieh uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen Tagen,
In künftgen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

Oh, now I understand why such dark flames
Sparkled from you to me so many times,
Dear eyes!
It is as though in one long gaze
You concentrated all your power to love.
Alas, I did not know, blinded by mist,
A web with which cruel fate had dulled my senses,
That this bright ray was homeward turned already
To there, from where all light is sent to us.
You wanted with your shining glow to tell me:
We would be happy to stay near you,
But this, alas, the fates have not permitted.
Behold us now, for soon we shall be far!
What in these days are only eyes to you
In future nights to you will be but stars.

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein
Und den Kopf ich drehe,
Ihr entgegensehe,
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht
Erst der Blick mir nicht,
Sondern auf die Stelle
Näher nach der Schwelle,
Dort wo würde dein
Lieb Gesichtchen sein,
Wenn du freudenhelle
Trätest mit herein
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein
Mit der Kerze Schimmer,
Ist es mir, als immer
Kämst du mit herein,
Huschtest hinterdrein
Als wie sonst ins Zimmer.

O du, des Vaters Zelle
Ach zu schnelle
Erloschner Freudenschein!

When your mother now
Comes into the room
And I turn my head
That I may welcome her,
Not upon her face
Does my glance first fall,
But much lower down,
Nearer to the threshold,
Where I used to see
Your beloved face
When you, bright and gay,
Came in by the door
With her, my darling daughter.

When your mother now
Comes into the room
With the glowing candle,
I still feel as though
You were coming too,
Gliding in behind her,
As you used to do.

Oh you, your father's comfort,
Alas, too soon
Extinguished light of joy!

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen!
Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang.
Ja wohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen
Und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen.
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön!
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höhn!
Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen
Und werden nicht wieder nach Haus verlangen!
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höhn im Sonnenschein!
Der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höhn!

I often think that they have just gone out!
That very soon they will come home again!
The day is fine! Be not afraid!
They have only gone for a long walk,
Yes, they just went out for a stroll
And soon they will come home again.
Be not afraid, the day is fine!
They are taking a walk to yonder heights!
They have but gone ahead of us
And will not want to come home again!
We will catch them up on yonder heights
in bright sunshine!
The day is fine on yonder heights!

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
Man hat sie getragen hinaus,
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
Ich fürchtete, sie erkranken,
Das sind nun eitle Gedanken.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,
Das ist nun nicht besorgen.
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus, in diesem Braus,
Sie ruhn als wie in der Mutter Haus,
Von keinem Sturme erschrecket,
Von Gottes Hand bedecket.

In this weather, in this storm
I would never have let the children go out;
They carried them away,
And I could not protest.
In this weather, in this wind
I would never have let the children go out
For fear they might fall ill,
But these are idle thoughts.
In this weather, in this horror
I would never have let the children go out,
I would fear they might die tomorrow.
This fear I have no longer.
In this weather, in this wind, in this storm
They rest as if in their mother's house,
Not frightened by any tempests,
Protected by God's hand.